Sweat Blood When the Sun Comes Through

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Sweat Blood When the Sun Comes Through

by dylan69

Summary

Nigel comes home late one night after a bar fight. Adam takes care of him, but ends up getting a little worked up about seeing his boyfriend that way.

Nigel released a bark of laughter, “Straight to the point as always. What’s got you *sexually excited*?”

“I’m always a little sexually excited around you, but,” Adam bit his lip as he wiped down a wound with neosporin, “seeing you covered in blood is attractive.”

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Nigel was late. Almost two hours late, and it was a horrid disruption to Adam's schedule.

One of the things Adam had to adjust to when dating Nigel was disruptions to schedule.

Normally, Nigel made an effort to come and go at consistent times, but, unfortunately, Nigel led a life outside of Adam and was occasionally busy.

Yet, Nigel was almost never more than forty five minutes late to get home without telling Adam. Adam sighed, checking his phone to see that Nigel had yet to reply to his texts. He looked for the clock, and decided it was time to get ready for bed. Nigel could join him when he got home.

A thump echoed throughout the flat, then the sound of a slammed door. Adam paused, spitting toothpaste into the sink. He filled his mouth with water, swished, and spit it out as well.

Several more thumps rang out. Nigel must be back, Adam thought, heading out into the living room of their apartment.

The man in question was sprawled out on the couch, looking like a frightful mess. He sat, nursing a bruised eye and a split lip, blood seeping through the slashed shoulder of his button up shirt. Adam walked behind Nigel, the man so absorbed in thought he didn't hear.

"What happened?" Adam asked, causing Nigel to jump and nearly fall off the couch.

"Christ, Star, you scared the shit out of me." Nigel said, rubbing the back of his head, "It's nothing, just got a little banged up on my way home."

"A little banged up?" Adam stared at the five inch long, bleeding cut in his shoulder.

"I may have gotten into a fight with a few assholes at the bar. One of 'em had a knife." Nigel had bought a bar a few months after moving to the states, and patrons had a tendency to get rowdy on occasion, "He went running after he cut me, apparently he got scared by the blood."

"Why?"

"I don't know why a guy would carry a knife if he's too scared to use it." Nigel responded, jokingly misinterpreting what Adam was asking for.

"Why did you get into a fight?" Adam pressed.

Nigel wiped blood away from his mouth, "They were harassing some poor woman, wouldn't leave her alone, so I stepped in."

Adam nodded, "Come to the bathroom with me so I can help with your injuries."

“Ah, no need, I can patch myself up.”

Adam strode forward and put a hand on Nigel’s uninjured shoulder, “I’d like to do it.”

“Well,” Nigel said with a smirk, “how could I decline such a nice offer.”

Adam grabbed Nigel’s hand, pulling him to the bathroom and forcing the man to sit on the lip of the bathtub.

“Take your shirt off.” Adam said, turning to pick up medical supplies. After Nigel moved in, Adam made sure they always had a well stocked First-Aid kit.

He began by using a wet rag to wipe down the wounds, cleaning out any residual dust or dirt that had gotten into the injuries. Once clean, Adam grabbed a separate cloth and squirted Neosporin onto it, disinfecting the wounds he just washed.

Adam felt arousal tingle in his gut as he watched a drop of blood slide down his boyfriend’s shoulder.

Adam leaned over Nigel to grab a packet of gause, causing his hard cock to press against Nigel’s chest. Nigel grinned, subtly moving his shoulder to rub against Adam.

“Something wrong, little Star?” the larger man asked.

“I’m,” Adam paused for a moment, “sexually excited.”

Nigel released a bark of laughter, “Straight to the point as always. What’s got you *sexually excited*?”

“I’m always a little sexually excited around you, but,” Adam bit his lip as he wiped down a wound with Neosporin, “seeing you covered in blood is attractive.”

“Well, I think you deserve a reward for being such a good little nurse.” He reached up and dragged a hand through the wound on his shoulder, coating his fingers in blood. Nigel pulled down the zipper on Adam’s slacks and pulled out his cock. With his blood covered hand, he pumped up and down Adam’s hard cock.

Adam shivered, biting back a moan. He bent over, placing his lips over his boyfriend’s. Nigel kissed like he was trying to eat Adam’s face, ravenous and all consuming. He twisted his head, slipping his tongue into Adam’s mouth. Adam could feel Nigel’s split lip as they kissed, the trail of hot blood smeared across the lower halves of their faces. Nigel’s normal taste of smoke and whiskey was tinted by the flavor of copper.

Then, he pulled back, much to Adam’s displeasure, “If you want a reward, why don’t you take it?”

Adam’s head tilted, questioning.

Nigel grabbed Adam’s belt loops, tugging him until his cock rubbed against his thicket of chest hair, “Use me however you like.”

Adam flushed, dick dripping precum onto Nigel's pecs. He rolled his hips, sending sparks up his spine. He gripped Nigel's shoulders and grinded down.

Friction and hot pressure surrounded Adam. Soft skin and coarse hair caressed his cock and he moved. Up and down, back and forth as Nigel gripped the edge of the tub, trying to keep still. The taller man panted, unable to take his eyes off his partner's dick.

The blood weeping from Nigel's wounds lubricated the movement, Adam's hips bucked, chasing the feeling. Eventually, his cockhead rubbed against Nigel's sliced skin. The cut soaked Adam's cock in blood.

Adam pulled the back of Nigel's hair, pressing the taller man's face into his clothed stomach, nearly suffocating him as he thrusted. It was wet and warm as a cunt.

Adam came with a quiet grunt, spilling cum across Nigel's pecs and stomach. He panted, gathering himself, "Do you want to get off as well?"

Nigel grinned up at him, looking like a cat that had glutted itself on cream, "Already handled, Star."

"What do you mean?"

"I, ah, may have cum in my pants during your show."

Adam's nose wrinkled as he used the rag to wash the cum off of Nigel's chest.

Nigel reached up and placed a kiss on Adam's closed lips, "Now, little nurse, finish patching up my wounds so we can get to bed."

End Notes

title from Training Montage by the mountain goats!

this is a trade fic! it was a lot of fun to write even tho its been ages since ive seen either movie these guys are from lol!

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